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The Palimpsest

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THE PURPOSE OF THIS MAGAZINE

The PALIMPSEST, issued monthly by the State Historical Society of Iowa, is devoted to the dissemination of Iowa History. Supplementing the other publications of this Society, it aims to present the materials of Iowa History in a form that is attractive and a style that is popular in the best sense—to the end that the story of our Commonwealth may be more widely read and cherished.

BENJ. F. SHAMBAUGH
Superintendent

THE MEANING OF PALIMPSESTS

In early times palimpsests were parchments or other materials from which one or more writings had been erased to give room for later records. But the erasures were not always complete; and so it became the fascinating task of scholars not only to translate the later records but also to reconstruct the original writings by deciphering the dim fragments of letters partly erased and partly covered by subsequent texts.

The history of Iowa may be likened to a palimpsest which holds the records of successive generations. To decipher these records of the past, reconstruct them, and tell the stories which they contain is the task of those who write history.

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THE PALIMPSEST

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VOL. II ISSUED IN OCTOBER 1921 NO. 10

The Way to Iowa

June first, 1833, saw the restraints to settlement in the Iowa country removed. A year earlier the treaty of the Black Hawk Purchase had been signed, by which the United States secured from the Indians the cession of a strip of land approximately fifty miles wide extending along the western bank of the Mississippi River from the northern boundary of Missouri to the southern boundary of the Neutral Ground. In the meantime the Indians had withdrawn to their new homes and the soldiers who had patrolled the region near the "Mines of Spain" had marched back to Fort Crawford. Then the white invasion began. True, a few bold adventurers had crossed the river at Dubuque to mine lead before this date, but they were trespassers in the eyes of the government, and they had been repeatedly driven out.

In 1832, George H. Catlin, artist and historian, had foreseen the oncoming rush of settlers, and

after a visit to the Des Moines River Valley had written in prophetic vein:

> The steady march of our growing population to this vast garden spot will surely come in surging columns and spread farms, houses, orchards, towns and cities over all these remote wild prairies. Half a century hence the sun is sure to shine upon countless villages, silvered spires and domes, denoting the march of intellect, and wealth's refinements, in this beautiful and far off solitude of the West.

Four years later the first census of Wisconsin Territory gave the two Iowa counties a population of 10,531. Two years later, in 1838, a census taken in May, showed a total of 22,859 inhabitants west of the river. The population had doubled. In two years more, 43,000 people had settled in the Iowa country. Between 1840 and 1850, 150,000 moved to Iowa and the next decade saw a tide of immigrants that "was to sweep over the waste places of the State and to inundate the valleys and hills with more than sufficient human energy to build up a Commonwealth of the first rank".

What allurements drew this flood of people from their far off homes in Ohio, Kentucky, and Pennsylvania or the nearer regions of Indiana, Missouri, and Illinois? At an earlier date her supply of furs had lured the hardy frontiersman and trapper to the Iowa land. Then her veins of lead, with the promise of quick wealth in the hills and bluffs about Dubuque, drew their quota of adventurers. But the fame

of Iowa's bountiful land constituted the principal attraction for the pioneer. Speculators flocked to land offices hoping to enter claims and to re-sell at a profit; mechanics expecting to ply their trade joined the throng; and homeseekers planning to obtain fertile acres at a low price made the migratory movement an annually increasing one. There came glowing reports of bountiful crops. News that game was plentiful and that the rivers swarmed with fish was sent back in letters to the old home and, published perhaps in the village paper, furnished to friends and relatives the impetus to make the journey.

The first immigrants to Iowa could come in one of three ways: by boat over the available water routes, by wagon over roads and trails and in part over trackless country, or by a combination of the two. As the railroads crawled westward they came to be used more and more by the newcomers, but even to the end of the migratory period the Lake route, the Ohio-Mississippi waterway, and the overland trails provided a way of transit to many of the movers.

Let us follow the fortunes of two families, one from New York, the other from Pennsylvania, setting out for Iowa by the water route in 1840. One has come to Buffalo by the Erie Canal, passing through Utica, Rochester, and Lockport. Here father, mother, and the children embark on the steamboat "Constellation" bound from Buffalo to Chicago. On one corner of the deck they pile their

few possessions. Soon the corner is a promiscuous heap of chairs, pots, kettles, and bedding. Nearby, an emigrant family from central Europe is sitting on a pile of strange-looking farm implements and large chests. They are on their way to Wisconsin. A party of English gentlemen from Canada on their way to a hunting expedition in the West comes on board. Tourists for pleasure, and speculators going out to inspect land they have bought but have not seen, swell the passenger list.

The boat gets under way. It hugs the shore, gliding swiftly along past low green wooded banks and hills on one side, by the wind-tossed waves of Lake Erie on the other, to Dunkirk, forty-five miles from Buffalo. To Erie next, thence on past Conneaut, Ashtabula, and Fairport to Cleveland, the boat plows its way — about one hundred and ninety miles in a day and a half. Here the travellers to Iowa disembark to take the Ohio canal to Portsmouth.

Let us turn our attention now to the Pennsylvania farmer who has decided to go West. He holds a sale, then hires a neighbor to take him and his family with a few household goods to Pittsburgh. They engage passage on the steamboat "Monsoon" bound for St. Louis. They go on board and pile their belongings at the end of the lowest deck near the bow. Both ends of this deck are piled high with freight and the possessions of those who can not afford to pay the cabin fare.

Father and mother settle down to rest and await the start, but the twelve year old son begins an investigation of the boat. He ascends a stairway to the deck above and finds a narrow piazza from which doors enter the cabins. At the rear of this deck he locates the ladies' cabin with staterooms grouped around it, in the center he finds the dining-room surrounded by the cabins for gentlemen, forward he discovers the barroom with space in front where the men can smoke and chat. He climbs another stairway to the hurricane deck, above which rise the twin smokestacks and the hissing steampipe. Descending to the middle deck he notices a sign containing the rules of the boat. Among them, four read somewhat as follows:

No gentleman shall go to table without his coat.

No gentleman must pencil-work or otherwise injure the furniture.

No gentleman shall lie down on a berth with his boots on.

No gentleman shall enter the ladies saloon without permission from them.

He goes below to rejoin the family and to enjoy the confusion of sights and sounds as the boat prepares to get under way. Drays rattle over the wharf, discordant cries of the workmen loading a late consignment of freight mingle with the river songs of the negro boatmen. The hoarse puffing and panting of the high-pressure engine adds to the general din. Finally the boatmen loose the moorings,

the steamer slowly wheels around to start downstream on its twelve hundred mile journey.

The first stop is made at Wheeling, ninety-five miles distant, to load and unload freight. Here, immigrants from Maryland and Virginia, westward bound, come on board. Thence the steamer follows the winding channel of the river past tiny islands, between shores lined with fields of grain, with alternating hills and gloomy woods to Marietta, eighty-three miles below Wheeling. Then on past the villages of Belpré and Gallipolis, stopping perhaps at one or the other to replenish the wood supply for the firebox, the "Monsoon" comes to Portsmouth on the Ohio shore. Here our New York immigrant and his family whom we left at Cleveland embark for St. Louis.

On to Cincinnati, to Madison, and to Louisville the boat steadily makes its way. Here it enters a canal to avoid the rapids, returning to the waters of the Ohio at the small town of Shipping Port. It leaves Fredonia, Rockport, Evansville, Golconda, and Paducah in its wake. Halts at these towns to leave or take on freight, or to purchase cordwood at the woodyards, allow the passengers to take a stroll and the immigrants to renew their supply of food.

The boat plows on. Far removed from the heat of the fires and boilers, from the chatter of the deck passengers or the jar of the engines a group of travellers sit for hours on the upper deck watching the rush of steam from the pipe above their heads and

the passing panorama of bluffs and hills, of prairies and of groves of beech, walnut, oak, and maple. A returning steamer, the "Ione", comes in view. The bells of both boats ring out in salutation. Cairo appears in the distance, and the boat, leaving the glassy waters of the Ohio, turns its prow upstream on the turbid bosom of the Mississippi.

Up the long irregular sweeps of this river to Cape Girardeau, Chester, and St. Genevieve the journey continues. Herculaneum with its high shot tower and Jefferson Barracks on its limestone bluff are reached and passed. St. Louis comes into view.

Here our Iowa-bound travellers take passage on a smaller boat for the north. A month has passed since they set out from Buffalo and Pittsburgh. They move upstream past long stretches of prairie land; they reach Iowa, they stop at the landing at Burlington. A motley crowd disembarks — our two farmer families and others eager to push on to a new home, mechanics with their tools and personal effects expecting to find steady employment, the trader with goods for the frontier trade, the speculator with his money, and the visitor who will return to write about the new land.

Turn now to the journey of the overland pioneer. Although many used the water routes to Iowa, travel by wagon predominated. Of this migration, John B. Newhall, Iowa's early press agent, has left a clear picture.

The "flood-gates" of emigration were now opened, and scarcely had the "Red Man" set his footsteps in the order of march, toward the "setting sun", ere the settler began to cross the Mississippi with his flocks and herds, to make a "new home" on the fertile plains of Iowa. . . . The writer of these pages, frequently having occasion to traverse the great thoroughfares of Illinois and Indiana, in the years of 1836–7, the roads were literally lined with the long blue wagons of the emigrant slowly wending their way over the broad prairies — the cattle and hogs, men and dogs, and frequently women and children, forming the rear of the van — often ten, twenty, and thirty wagons in company. Ask them, when and where you would, their destination was the "Black Hawk Purchase".

Imagine the start of the journey. An Ohio farmer sells his farm and stock. He builds a frame on the wagon box and covers the bows with canvas to protect the inmates from the sun and rain. He loads in a few household goods. His horses are hitched, or the oxen yoked. Sad farewells to friends are made. The family is stowed away inside, the cow is tied behind. He mounts to the driver's seat, cracks his whip and the wagon rolls down the road. High are the hopes of the group as they start: visions of a new home and big crops cheer them on their way.

At sunset a halt for the night is made by the road-weary travellers. Newhall has left a picture of such a stop.

I well remember, one beautiful autumnal evening in 1836, crossing the "Military Tract" in Illinois. The last

rays of the sun was gilding the tree tops and shedding its mellow tints upon the fleecy clouds, as my horse turned the short angle of a neighboring "thicket", I encountered a settler "camped" for the night. . . . The "old lady" had just built her "camp fire" and was busily engaged in frying prairie chickens, which the unerring rifle of her boy had brought to the ground; one of the girls was milking a brindle cow, and that tall girl yonder, with swarthy arms and yellow sun-bonnet, is nailing the coffee mill on the side of a scrub oak which the little boy had "blazed" with his hatchet. There sat the old man on a log, quietly shaving himself by a six-penny looking-glass, which he had tacked to a neighboring tree. And yonder old decrepit man, sitting on a low rush bottomed chair, is the aged grandsire of all; better that his bones be left by the way-side than that he be left behind among strangers. He sits quietly smoking his pipe with all the serenity of a patriarch — apparently as ready to shuffle off this "mortal coil" that very night, as to sit down to his prairie chicken supper.

They go to bed as soon as it grows dark. Early in the morning they are up and on their way again. Slowly they move on day by day, week by week. They join others bound the same way. They travel together. At times heavy rains make the road bottomless and the wheels mire down till broken traces halt the caravan. Wagons are unloaded and all help in extricating them. Sometimes a stop is made overnight at a tavern along the way. Ohio and Indiana have been left behind, the canvas-topped wagons roll across Illinois. They reach Rock Island and across

the river the travellers see a gateway to the land of their dreams.

They gather into a large encampment, each family awaiting its turn to be ferried over in the order of arrival at the camp. Our Ohio farmer is next. He drives his oxen on board the flat-boat, a huge barge-like affair propelled and steered by long sweeps. The current carries barge and all downstream and it must be towed back to the landing on the Iowa side. He drives on shore. He has reached Iowa.

Thus they came, the pioneers, to the land of their vision. They crossed the river at the points where cities grew up on the Iowa shore, at Dubuque, Davenport, Muscatine, Burlington, and Keokuk. The man-propelled flat-boat gave way to the horse ferry, and it, in turn, to the ferry propelled by steam, and each was taxed to capacity by the on-coming horde. The way to Iowa was open.

Bruce E. Mahan

From New York to Iowa

The following account of a progression of migratory steps from New York to Iowa was related by Mrs. Lydia Arnold Titus in a series of letters to her grandson, Bruce E. Mahan. It is a story that runs through several generations, for the movement was a halting one and the stops along the way were sometimes rather extended. But it is typical, and to-day most of the men and women of the Middle and Far West, looking back along the line of their ancestry, see a succession of events which at the time and to the actors themselves appeared spasmodic and unrelated but which to us seem to fit into the inexorable working out of the westward migration by which the American people possessed themselves of the continent.

I was born in the year 1840 about thirty miles from Buffalo and three miles from a small village by the name of Machias Corners in New York State. My home was a log cabin on a farm where father by hard toil made a living for himself, my mother, and the six children.

The schoolhouse where I started to school at the age of five was a small one-room log building about three-fourths of a mile from our home. On my way

to school lived a kind-hearted old lady who would often come to the door of her cabin and call for me to stop. Then she would fill my apron pocket with nuts and give me a big red apple or some cookies. Although it has been over seventy-five years since this happened, the kind words and pleasant smile of this dear old lady are as real as though the meeting occurred yesterday.

My first book was a speller. We had to learn every letter before we could read easy words. There were no maps nor blackboards, and the seats were merely rough planks with holes bored in for the legs to fit. They had no backs. For the older boys and girls who studied arithmetic and who had copy books, desks had been made along the wall. Every morning the teacher would take the copy books and write a line at the top of the page for the day's lesson. Then the scholars would take their goose-quill pens and write while the teacher helped the little ones with their letters. Then we had counting lessons. After we had learned to read, the teacher started us on the capitals of the States. It was a proud day for me when I was able to name every State and its capital.

At recess time and at noon we would play a game called "Catch the Ball". The balls used were made at home out of yarn unravelled from old stocking feet and covered with soft leather or cloth. On pleasant days when wintergreen berries were ripe, our teacher would allow us to go and gather them.

How we did enjoy the cool sweet flavor of the winter-green! In the winter time our outdoor sports consisted of skating or sliding down hill on sleds made by our father or brothers. There were no sleds for sale at the store in Machias Corners.

In those days father always made his own maple sugar. It was fine fun in the early spring to go with him to the sugar camp, to watch him tap the trees, gather the sap in pails, and boil it down. My sisters and I would get a pan of clean snow and when the sirup was boiled down almost to sugar, pour some of it into the pan of snow. As the sirup cooled it became hard and brittle and we had the best sort of maple candy. We always had plenty of pure sugar. On our farm, too, we had a good variety of fruit: apples, cherries, currants and plums. Wild blackberries were plentiful also.

In the year 1847, my mother's health began to fail, and father, thinking that a change of climate might help her, decided to go West. He sold our farm and stock during the next year and, packing a few things into a wagon, hired a man to take them and us to Buffalo. There we loaded our goods on a boat and sailed up Lake Erie to Toledo, Ohio. After a short trip into Michigan to visit my mother's relatives who had come West some years before, father decided to settle down on a farm in Williams County, Ohio. Mother failed to improve and so when spring came again we moved to another farm near Adrian, Michigan. After living here a short time, father

decided to try the climate of Illinois. He had heard glowing reports, too, of its crops from a brother who had settled there.

Father bought a yoke of oxen and a new wagon. On this he built a frame work, fastened bows, and covered them with canvas. Then we loaded our cooking utensils and bedding, an ax, a log chain, and a few household goods and set out in the year 1850 for Knox County, Illinois. Before we came to the end of our journey both oxen became sick, so we stopped for a time at a small place called Aux Sable. After a week or so the oxen got better and father sold them. There were no railroads in that part of the country and so my brother, then a boy of sixteen, walked from there to Rio, in Knox County, to get his uncle to come after us with a team. Several days passed before they returned to take us to our new home. On this journey we stopped overnight at taverns along the way as mother was not strong enough to stand camping out, but we cooked our meals by a campfire. One day each week we stopped by a stream or near some farmhouse to do our washing.

After we arrived at the home of my uncle near Rio we visited with his family for a few weeks, then father rented a farm. During the first fall he helped pick corn for his neighbors, getting every third load for picking it. The next year he raised a big crop of corn, wheat, and oats; but it was hard to get ahead as the price of all grain was so low. And

in the absence of railroads in that part of Illinois it was difficult to get the grain to market. I have seen corn fenced up in rail pens and allowed to stay there until it rotted. It could not be sold at any price. All of our neighbors had come from the East, hoping to get a new home at a low price. Some liked the new country, but others sold out, packed up, and returned to their native States.

My sisters and I started to school again when we settled down in our Illinois home; and, after taking all the work offered in the country school at that time, three of us started to teach. My salary was eight dollars per month and I had to board round at the homes of my pupils, a week at each place; and since the nearest home was one mile from the schoolhouse I think I earned my wages.

One event that happened the same fall that I started to teach school stands out in my memory. Far and wide the news spread that Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln would hold a debate at Galesburg on October 7, 1858. The girls near Rio decided that we would attend the debate in a body. Accordingly, we decorated a hay wagon and each girl made a banner to carry with the name of a State on it. I chose New York as that was my native State. We limited our party to thirty-two, the number of States in the Union at that time. As most of us were Republicans we made one large banner with the slogan "Rio, Lincoln, and Liberty".

The day of the debate dawned bright and clear and

we made an early start for it was sixteen miles to Galesburg. Each of us was dressed entirely in white, and each carried the banner inscribed with the name of the State which she represented. Two men drove our six-horse team and a third carried our large banner. Our drivers passed every team in sight for most of them were only two or four-horse outfits, and with all of us yelling and shouting the miles rolled past rapidly. When we had gone about seven miles on our way we overtook three girls walking, who seemed glad to accept our invitation to hop aboard the "Lincoln Express". However, they proved to be Democrats and before we arrived in Galesburg, they said they wished they had walked. We stopped just outside the city by a stream of clear cold water to eat our lunch and to water our horses.

Our outfit was among the first to arrive at the park where the debate was to be held. A short time before it began, we marched in a body down close to the small platform where Mr. Douglas and Mr. Lincoln were seated. Lincoln sat in a splint-bottomed chair, and it looked as if his knees were up to his chin, the chair was so low and his legs were so long. When he saw us and our banners he arose and stepped down from the platform to shake hands with each girl and to say a word of welcome to all.

Soon the debate began. The crowd had to stand as no benches had been provided. Although the discussion lasted two hours and a half or three hours

none of us girls left our place down in front. I think Mr. Douglas was the better orator, but of course I felt that Mr. Lincoln was right. On our way home we laughed and sang, and arrived at Rio tired but happy.

I taught school in 1858, 1859, and in the fall of 1860. During the summer of the latter year I met Mr. Francis Titus at the home of his uncle, and in the fall we began to keep company, as it was called in those days. He had moved West from Pennsylvania to Ohio, living there for a time near Mt. Gilead, and from there had come to Illinois about the same time that father was making the trip from New York to Illinois. We lost little time courting and were married March 21, 1860, just a little more than a year before the Civil War broke out.

On a rented farm a few miles from Rio we began housekeeping. My first furniture consisted of a set of plain chairs, two wooden bedsteads, a big dry-goods box made into a cupboard with a curtain hung in front of it, an old cook stove and a kitchen table. My dishes, tub, and washboard cost six dollars. Of course, I forgot to buy a rolling pin and in a few days we had company for dinner. I wanted to make biscuits but for the life of me, couldn't think of what to use for a rolling pin. Finally I thought of an ear of corn, so out I went, found an ear, washed it and rolled out my biscuits. They were not very smooth but they tasted good just the same. I made all our bedding and paid for it out of money I had

earned teaching school. Father made me a potato masher and a butter ladle out of hard maple and I have them yet.

Our stock consisted of two horses, a cow, and three pigs. About harvest time one of our horses died and my husband had to buy another one. As all his money was tied up in the crop he had to give a note for the horse. It cost him $100 with interest at ten per cent. When the year was up he had no extra money after paying his debts, but he had three hundred bushels of corn which he turned over to the man at ten cents per bushel. The next fall he turned over four hundred more bushels of corn at ten cents a bushel, and finished paying for the horse the following year with corn at the same rate. In all, the horse cost over a thousand bushels of corn.

We rented for six years and then bought eighty acres nearby. On this we lived three years more. Every fall while we lived in Illinois my husband went with a threshing machine till snow fell. The first year he received $1.50 per day for himself and team, and thereafter was paid at the rate of $2.00 per day. The third fall after we were married he purchased a machine and horse power of his own, and ran this every fall, oftentimes up to December. With the money he made threshing we later purchased our land in Iowa.

In the year 1869 we decided to sell out and move to Iowa where land was cheaper. My youngest sister and her husband made up their minds to go with

us; and so we sold our farms and livestock, keeping only a wagon apiece and four horses. My sister had a baby girl six weeks old and I had three children, the youngest a girl of ten months, a son three years old, and a daughter eight.

Just as my father had done nineteen years before in leaving for Illinois, we placed a covered frame on each of the wagons, loaded our bedding and a few cooking utensils, and started for Iowa. It was a great adventure to the older children just as my trip from New York had been to me, but the babies were too young to care much about it. At night we camped out, cooking our meals by a camp fire. We fried home-cured ham or bacon with eggs, and we boiled potatoes or roasted them in the hot ashes. Our bread we purchased from farmers along the way. At night we slept in the two wagons which were roomy enough for all.

When we reached the Mississippi River, we found that we had to go down stream to a little town called Shokokon to take the ferry. It took half a day before we landed on the Iowa side at Burlington as the boat had to be towed up the river some distance.

After a fifteen days' trip overland we reached Bedford, Iowa, then a small town with a few frame store buildings and a handful of small houses. We rented a two-room house in town until we could buy our land and build on it. We bought 200 acres of fine prairie land four miles west of town, paying $6.25 an acre for it. To get lumber for a house it

was necessary to haul it fifty miles from Afton where the Burlington railroad then ended. Our first house on the farm consisted of two rooms, one for a living room and a bedroom, the other for a kitchen and dining room. Sometimes I had to make a bed in the kitchen when company stayed overnight, but although we were crowded, we were all well and happy so it didn't make much difference.

Year by year we worked hard to improve our farm, fencing it, planting fruit trees, berry bushes and grape vines, and setting out a maple grove for shade. In a few years we had an abundance of apples, cherries, peaches, plums, blackberries, raspberries, and grapes. Our twenty acres of timber land which we bought in addition to the farm furnished us with the best of oak and hickory wood for fuel, and posts for fencing.

We saw the country change almost overnight, it seemed, from raw, unbroken prairie to a settled community with schools and churches. We saw the coming of the railroad, the building of roads and bridges, and the growth of the nearby county seat from a scraggly village to a thriving, up-to-date town with all the improvements of a city. We passed through the period of high prices following the Civil War when calico cost forty cents a yard and flour $6.00 per hundredweight, then the period of low prices and money scarcity of the nineties. Our land constantly increased in value until to-day it is worth about $300 per acre.

Whenever I go out to the old homestead, I picture in my mind's eye the happy days when we were young and strong, and the children were little tots setting out across the fields to school. My husband passed away not long ago at the age of eighty-two and I am past eighty. I am waiting now as patiently as I can to hear the call once more "to go West".

A Study in Heads

In the newspapers of the decades of the thirties and forties, among the advertisements of botanic physicians, miniature painters, and grocers whose stock consisted of liquid refreshment, are frequent mention of phrenological societies, and the advertisements of phrenologists who examined human heads, charted the bumps and depressions and, with the wisdom of oracles, appraised the talents and temperaments of those who consulted them.

Their so-called science, an ancient one revived and made popular by Gall and others at the beginning of the nineteenth century, was in considerable vogue for many decades in both Europe and America. Phrenological societies were organized and phrenological journals were published. The science was based on the theory — now generally accepted — that different parts of the brain are the seats of different faculties of the mind. But those who developed the study of phrenology too often had little knowledge of anatomy or of scientific research; they went too far and claimed too much. And when the idea appealed to the popular fancy, the phrenological examination of heads became a lucrative but scarcely a scientific investigation.

Those who were credulous and many who were

merely curious allowed the phrenologist to apply his calipers to their craniums, and occasionally the skulls of dead men were measured and the results tabulated. There have been preserved the results of phrenological examinations of the heads of two of Iowa's most famous men — one red and one white — and their charts are given here, not for their historic value but because of the interest which naturally adheres to the personality of men of note. The two individuals are the Sac warrior, Black Hawk, and the United States Senator, James W. Grimes.

In a collection of pamphlets collected by Senator Grimes is an eight page leaflet bearing the title *An Explanation of the Fundamental Principles of Phrenology* and written by Frederick Bly. Pasted inside the cover is a double leaf containing on one side a "New Pictorial Phrenological Chart". The "pictorial" part is a view of the profile of a man's head transformed into a picture gallery with the location of the seats of the various functions of the mind indicated by symbolic scenes. Amativeness, represented by a fat little cupid with bow and arrow, lies at the base of the brain. Acquisitiveness, shown by a miser counting his bags of gold, is given a place above the ear, while near the top of the head firmness is rather ambiguously pictured by a mule and a man pulling in opposite directions upon the mule's halter; and beside this scene veneration is shown by a maiden in the posture of prayer.

Below the pictorial exhibit are printed in columns

the forty traits of character, with blanks opposite in which to insert the results of examinations; and here is found in numerical grades the "Phrenological Character of Jas. W. Grimes" as determined and recorded by Frederick Bly in September, 1847. On the back of the sheet is the following letter written by Bly:

Burlington Iowa Sept 18th 1847

Temperament Sanguine Nervous, Brain large size — of the three classes of organs, the intellectual predominates this combination of Phrenological developments, will give a safe, cautious, prudent character, very systematical in all his affairs, he has a quick, active, enquiring mind, fond of investigation, incredulous — he wants the why and wherefore, of all matters — memory generally good; enjoys music much; he will write better than speak, unless he has opposition. Very imaginative; at times, melancholy and gloomy, friendly and social in his manners, desirous of the good will of all; he enjoys a small circle, more than a large assembly; quite domestic; a great admirer of the opposite sex; a true friend, restless and uneasy without employment — whatever he has to do, must be done immediately impatient,— very particular and prudent

Very truly

F Bly

The head of the Indian, Black Hawk, has excited much comment. It was measured during his lifetime and his skull was studied after his death. Stevens in his volume on *The Black Hawk War* gives some interesting information from various sources

as to the phrenological character of the famous warrior. The editor of the *United States Literary Gazette* had this to say in 1838:

We found time yesterday to visit Black Hawk and the Indian chiefs at the Congress Hall Hotel. We went into their chamber, and found most of them sitting or lying on their beds. Black Hawk was sitting on a chair and apparently depressed in spirits. He is about sixty-five, of middling size, with a head that would excite the envy of a phrenologist — one of the finest that Heaven ever let fall on the shoulders of an Indian.

And the *American Phrenological Journal* which quotes the above item gives a detailed phrenological chart of Black Hawk's character. This chart is, in the following pages, combined with the chart of James W. Grimes, and with it is given the explanation from Bly's pictorial chart, which will serve to reduce adjectives and figures to a common measure.

Explanation.— The numbers extend to 20, on a scale as follows; No. 1, very small; 4, small; 7, moderate; 10, medium; 13, full; 16, large; 20, very large. The written figures denote the size of each organ.

		Grimes	Black Hawk
1	Amativeness	15	large
2	Philoprogenitiveness	9	large
3	Adhesiveness	16	large
4	Inhabitiveness	7	large

		Grimes	Black Hawk
5	Concentrativeness	10	large
6	Combativeness	14	very large
7	Destructiveness	9	very large
8	Alimentiveness	12	average
9	Acquisitiveness	14	large
10	Secretiveness	11	very large
11	Cautiousness	16	full
12	Approbativeness	15	very large
13	Self-Esteem	6	very large
14	Firmness	13	very large
15	Conscientiousness	12	moderate
16	Hope	8	small
17	Marvellousness	3	large
18	Veneration	9	very large
19	Benevolence	13	moderate
20	Constructiveness	8	small
21	Ideality	17	moderate
22	Imitation	15	small
23	Mirthfulness	10	full
24	Individuality	17	very large
25	Form	9	very large
26	Size	8	very large
27	Weight	10	large
28	Colour	16	large
29	Order	16	large
30	Calculation	15	large
31	Locality	10	very large
32	Eventuality	12	very large
33	Time	13	uncertain
34	Tune	12	uncertain
35	Language	15	large

		Grimes	Black Hawk
36	Causality	16	average
37	Comparison	11	large
B	Sublimity	17	
C	Suavity	15	
D	An intuitive disposition to know human nature	16	

After perhaps half a century of popularity phrenology and its exponents passed into a decline, phrenological societies and journals ceased functioning, and the practitioners folded up their calipers and pictorial charts and sought other fields.

While we read with curiosity the estimates of Black Hawk's cranium we are apt to judge his character more by the words and deeds of his strenuous career. And though we can find much of interest in a phrenological estimate of Grimes in the years of his young manhood, when he was as yet only a promising lawyer of Burlington, Iowa, we shall be more inclined to look down the years to 1868 when in the Senate of the United States, in the trial of Andrew Johnson, the character of James W. Grimes was subjected to the supreme test. He held to the course of his convictions in the face of the practically unanimous execration of his constituents and colleagues, but to-day the results of that test of a public man's character form one of the proud heritages of the State of Iowa.

John C. Parish

Comment by the Editor

WEST IS WEST

"Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." Kipling had in mind the Orient of the world and we will not dispute him. In America the West has been on the move. It has travelled steadily from Plymouth Rock to the farthest lighthouse at the entrance to the Golden Gate. It has moved with a sweep and a vigor that left the East far behind. But the East is striving to overtake the West, and we are inclined to think that "the twain shall meet".

The West is not only a geographic term — it is an idea, a spirit, a kind of life. It has spaciousness and wide-openness; it has vigor and frankness and directness; it is crude but not crass, unfinished and incomplete simply because of the big things it has yet to do. It is not meticulous and highly polished and restrained, and it has few atrophies and little decay.

So busy has it been with the stupendous conquest of the continent that it has paid little attention to the East, but now come quieter days, and the question arises: will the East overtake and domesticate the West, or will the West turn back and meet and impulsate the East? Each has much to give the

other, and we rejoice as greatly at signs of domestication in Chicago as we do when we watch the doings of western men in New York.

But while the West is still the West we want the story of its early achievements to be preserved and recorded, and we want the literature of the West to find its place in the sun. The Mississippi Valley is the logical meeting ground of the East and the West and there is a growing body of Middle Western literature that is challenging our interest, our gratification, and occasionally our protest.

HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY

A four volume history of Minnesota has been recently announced, a centennial history of Missouri is in the course of preparation, and in Iowa has appeared during the present year a noteworthy volume covering the entire history of the State. Cyrenus Cole's *History of the People of Iowa,* is the work of a man full of enthusiasm for his task. He has gathered his facts both widely and faithfully and the story he tells is not mere historic chronicling of events — it is animated by the spirit of the development of the Middle West.

Another book that will be welcomed throughout the State is an *Iowa State Geography* by Miss Alison Aitchison (published by Ginn and Company). No longer will the school children in the intermediate grades have to search through the back pages of general geographies for a modicum of information

upon their own State, for here is a book of one hundred and sixty-eight pages, adequately supplied with maps, profusely illustrated with well chosen cuts, and written in a style to stimulate interest and further investigation.

MAIN STREET

We thought for a long time that since every one else in the world was reading *Main Street* we would not do so — but we did: at first with chuckles and appreciation, then with a sense of something lacking, a disappointed expectancy, and finally with determination through miles of unchanging scenery to the fruitless end of the trail. And after we had finished it, and had heard and read so many comments upon it, it seemed useless to add anything more. After all, hasn't a man a right to depict any characters he wishes? There are surely many Carol Kennicotts to be found. With a little more satisfaction we will agree that there are many country doctors like her sturdy husband. And in all towns there are drab store-keepers and pious old ladies and do-less lawyers and contemptible riff-raff. His characterizations are true to the life and drawn by a clever hand. But why limit one's self to such a group?

One may question the usefulness of the collector who assembles upon his row of pins only the commonplace and ugly specimens of a given locality; but no one can question the authenticity of the speci-

mens or his right to assemble any kind his fancy dictates. When, however, such a collector claims that his group is typical and representative, he stirs a protest from those who love truth. *Main Street* is not typical or representative of the small town, dwellers in large cities on the oriental side of the Alleghanies notwithstanding.

By reason of a sort of mental astigmatism, the author saw certain characters with the utmost clarity, while others were so indistinct to his vision that he does not reproduce them in his story. The typical small town of the Middle West or of any other portion of America, contains many unattractive individuals, but it also contains a leaven of people of culture and character, whose portrayal would have brightened while it made more truthful the story of Gopher Prairie.

SONGS OF A MAN WHO FAILED

In October, 1920, we published *A Few Martial Memories* by Clinton Parkhurst, of whose whereabouts we were ignorant and of whom we knew so little that we asked our readers for help in piecing out his biographical mosaic. During the next two months we received many interesting letters about him from all parts of the country, but none could tell where he was, though several intimated that he was basking on the shores of the Pacific. In the December number we told what we knew and printed a biographical sketch by August P. Richter, for-

merly editor of *Der Demokrat,* of Davenport, who had known considerable of the ups and downs of the career of Clinton Parkhurst.

Some time later we learned that Mr. Parkhurst was living in Lincoln, Nebraska, and finally that he was publishing there a book of verse entitled *Songs of a Man Who Failed.* The volume has just appeared, issued by the Woodruff Press, of Lincoln, Nebraska. In it he has collected all of the poems that have not been irrevocably lost in the course of more than half a century of variegated experiences. The book exhibits — particularly in the longer heroic poems — the same dramatic power over the English language that marked his prose story of Shiloh. But the remarkable thing about the book is its autobiographical, self-revealing frankness. He has written what he felt without regard to the opinion of the world. He has done an unusual thing — namely, having set himself a title, he has not deserted the self-portrayal which it involved.

J. C. P.

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